

Away

Whitney Duncan

Give me a map, give me a road
Take me upon the winds that blow
Through fields of dust, through fields of gold

I've seen our finest colors fade
From years ago to yesterday
We can't revive what can't be saved

A way
There's got to be a way
'Cause it seems that I can't stay
Away from you
I'm tired of all my compromise
It's time for me to find
A way from you

You were the bright and northern star
A perfect temporary scar
The best and worst and still you are

You were the center of the sun
The smoking barrel of a gun
All my goals rolled into one

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